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No. 2

# GHOST RIDER



**THE GHOST RIDER**  
meets  
**DEATH'S STAGECOACH!**



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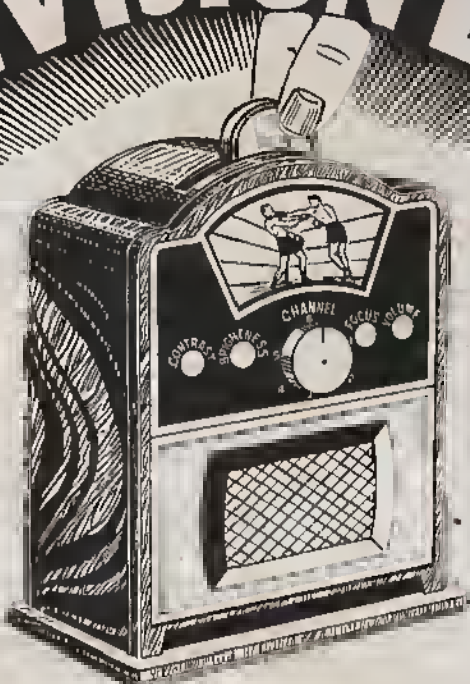


THE SHOW'S ON,  
GANG!

# New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

**LIGHTS UP!**  
LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST  
TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY  
\$1.98**

COMPLETE WITH  
BATTERY AND BULB!

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

**LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN!** Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

**AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE!** Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What a more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, picture yet!

**TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE!** When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, awell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

**PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST!** Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

**IT'S A HONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL!** You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handomely painted-on speaker grille and dial. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 1/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. **GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU**, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

**BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!**

**NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE  
TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!**

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept. GR, New York 2, N. Y.

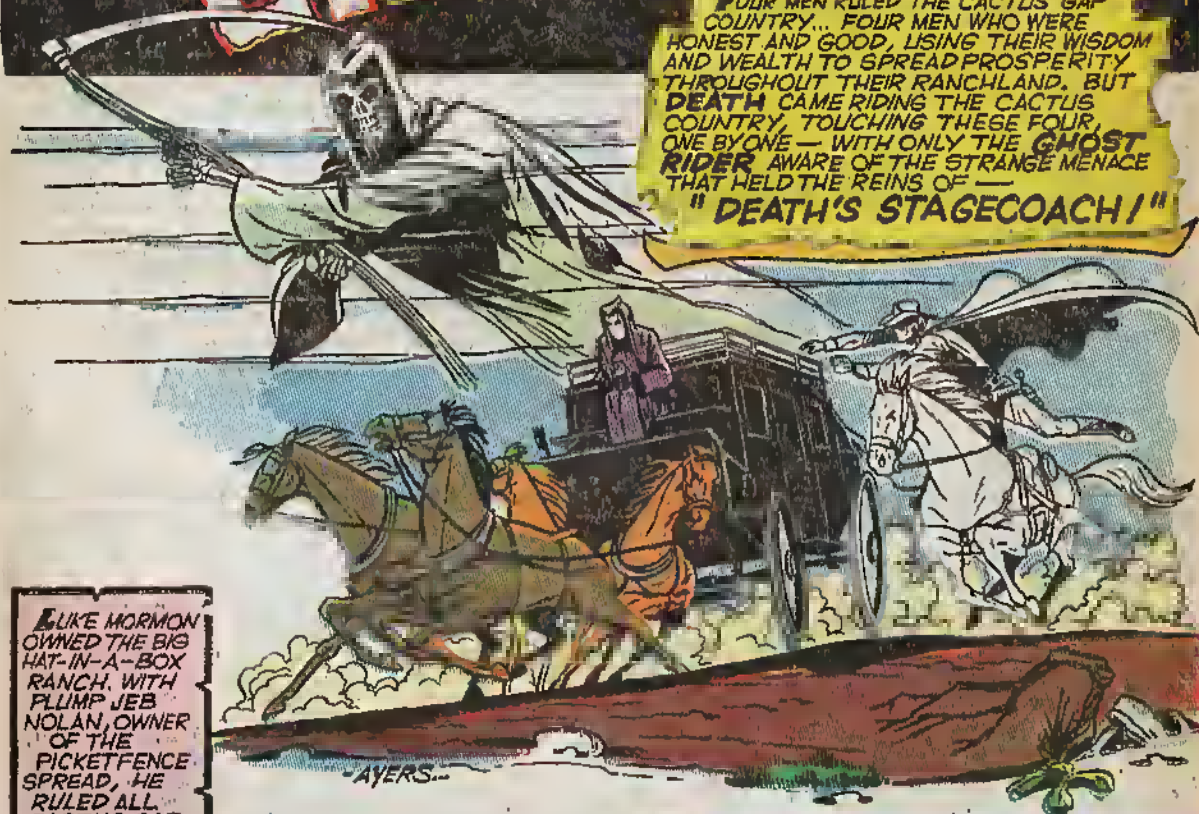
**SEAGEE CO., Dept. GR**  
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.

Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name  (Please Print Plainly)  
Street   
City  Zone  State   
☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

# the FAST RIDER

FOUR MEN RULED THE CACTUS GAP COUNTRY... FOUR MEN WHO WERE HONEST AND GOOD, USING THEIR WISDOM AND WEALTH TO SPREAD PROSPERITY THROUGHOUT THEIR RANCHLAND. BUT DEATH CAME RIDING THE CACTUS COUNTRY, TOUCHING THESE FOUR, ONE BY ONE — WITH ONLY THE **GHOST RIDER** AWARE OF THE STRANGE MENACE THAT HELD THE REINS OF "DEATH'S STAGECOACH!"

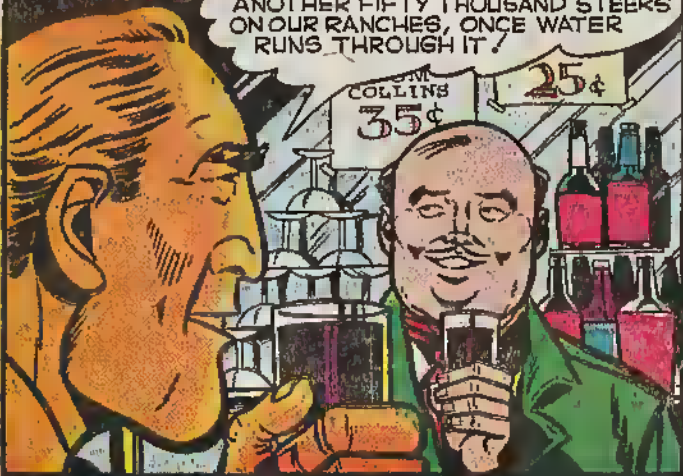


LUKE MORMON OWNED THE BIG HAT-IN-A-BOX RANCH, WITH PLUMP JEB NOLAN, OWNER OF THE PICKETFENCE SPREAD, HE RULED ALL CACTUS GAP WEST OF TOWN...

HERE'S TO THAT IRRIGATION TROUGH WE'RE PUTTIN' IN, JEB. WE'LL BE ABLE TO STOCK ANOTHER FIFTY THOUSAND STEERS ON OUR RANCHES, ONCE WATER RUNS THROUGH IT!

COLLINS 35¢

25¢



MILES TO THE NORTH, IN A TINY CAVE, A HAND REACHES OUT TOWARD TWO SKULLS, EACH BEARING A NAME...





THAT NIGHT, SHROUDED IN THE DARKNESS, A BLACK STAGECOACH RACES MADLY DOWN THE SLOPING ROADWAY OF THE GAP—

FASTER—FASTER! DEATH COMES THIS WAY, AND NONE MUST STOP IT—FASTER!



THE FIRST NAME ON DEATH'S LIST! TOMORROW OR THE NEXT DAY—LUKE MORMON WILL DIE!



TWO DAYS LATER, LUKE MORMON CRIES OUT SHARPLY...

TARNATION! WHO THREW THAT LARIAT? I'M GOING TO FALL ON THOSE ROCKS! I'LL BREAK MY NECK!



AGAIN THE STAGECOACH OF DEATH HURTTLES DOWN THE ROCKY SIDES OF CACTUS GAP! AGAIN THE GRIM, COWLED FIGURE LEAVES A WHITENED SKULL...

DEATH

WILL CALL ON YOU, JEB NOLAN! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE YOUR FATE!



PALLID WITH FEAR, FACE WET WITH SWEAT, JEB NOLAN BABBLES HELPLESSLY TO THE OTHER HALF OF CACTUS GAP'S FAMED FOUR! TOM BRENNAN OF THE... AND ROGER BOOPER, OWNER OF THE TRIANGLE-DOT...

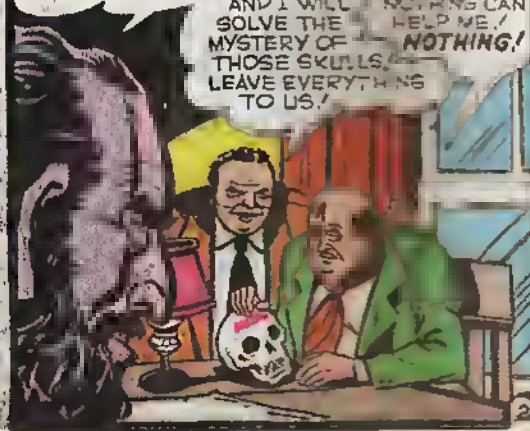
LUKE DIDN'T DIE NATURAL. HE WAS MURDERED! I SAW THE SKULL HE GOT! SAME 'S THIS—BUT THIS 'N HAS MY NAME ON IT. I'M NEXT! I'M NEXT TO DIE!



EASY, JEB! WE'LL THINK O' SOME WAY TO HELP YUH!

CORRECT! STAY HERE TONIGHT, JEB. TOM AND I WILL SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THOSE SKULLS. LEAVE EVERYTHING TO US!

I'M A MARKED MAN! MARKED FOR—DEATH! NOTHING CAN HELP ME! NOTHING!





RIDING ACROSS THE SAGE  
FLATS, SOUTH OF CACTUS  
GAP, NEXT DAY, COMES  
REX FURY, U.S. MARSHAL...

LOOKS LIKE  
A DEAD MAN  
LYING THERE! I'D  
BETTER TAKE A  
LOOK—!



ODD! HE'S DEAD— BUT  
THERE'S NO WOUND OR  
OTHER MARK OF VIOLENCE  
ON HIM! HOW COULD HE DIE  
OUT HERE... UNLESS...  
OF COURSE— THAT'S IT...!



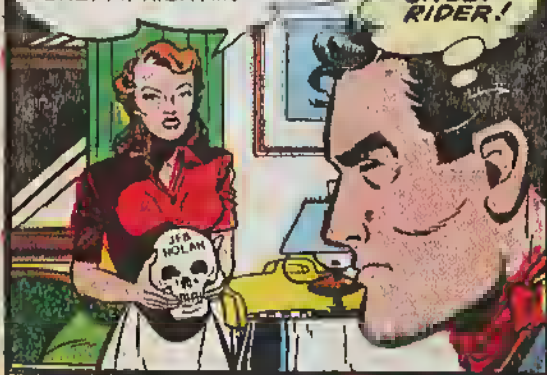
IT'S JEB! HE—  
HE KNEW HE  
WAS GOING  
TO DIE!

HE **KNEW** IT?  
BUT HOW? HE  
HAD ENEMIES,  
I SUPPOSE?

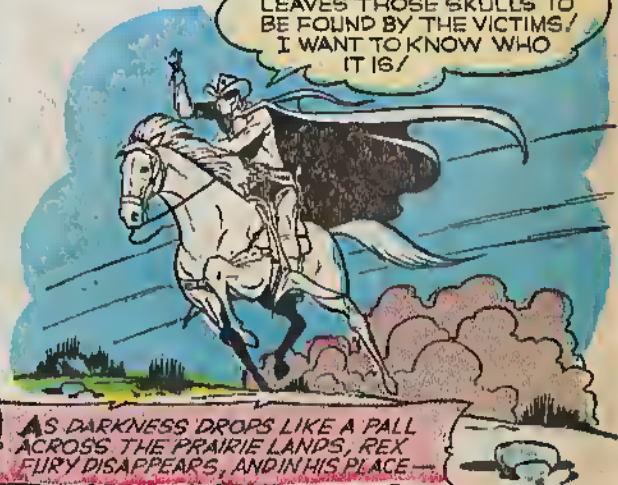


THIS SKULL WAS LEFT HERE  
SOME DAYS AGO! A FRIEND OF  
OURS, LUKE MORMON, ALSO  
RECEIVED ONE. HE ALSO DIED.  
AND PEOPLE TALK OF A BLACK  
STAGECOACH THAT TRAVELS  
ONLY AT NIGHT...!

THIS HAS  
ALL THE  
EARMARKS  
OF A JOB  
FOR—  
**THE  
GHOST  
RIDER!**



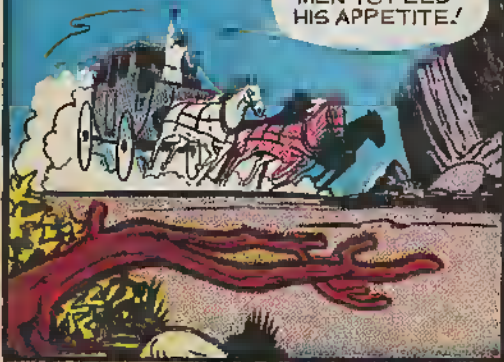
UP, SPECTRE! SOMEBODY  
LEAVES THOSE SKULLS!  
TO BE FOUND BY THE VICTIMS!  
I WANT TO KNOW WHO  
IT IS!



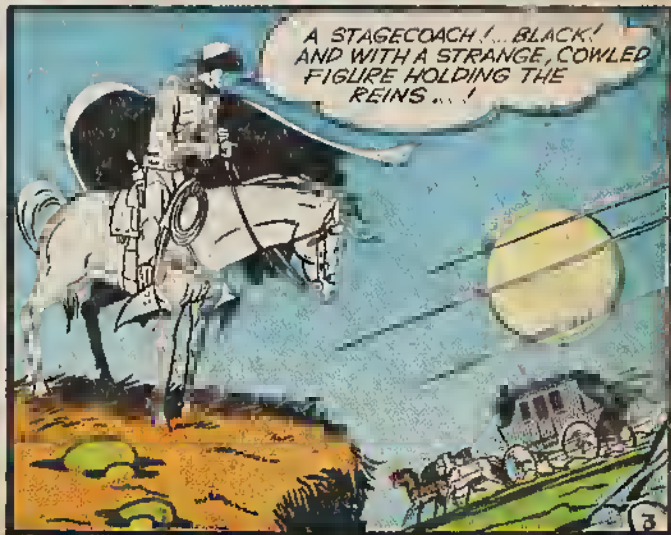
AS DARKNESS DROPS LIKE A FALL  
ACROSS THE PRAIRIE LANDS, REX  
FURY DISAPPEARS, AND IN HIS PLACE—

AT THAT MOMENT,  
THUNDERING AROUND  
A SHARP BEND OF  
CACTUS GAP MOUNTAIN...

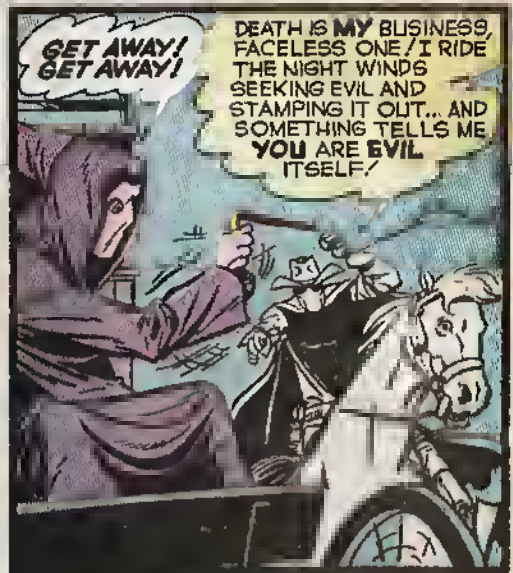
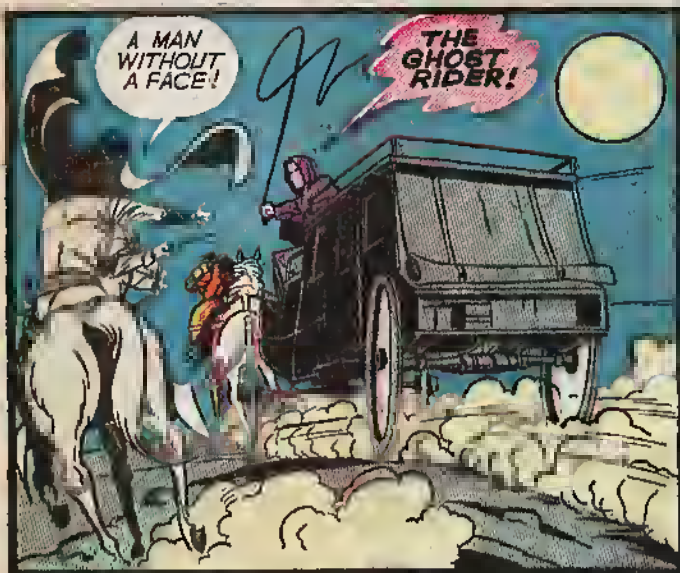
FASTER,  
MY BEAUTIES!  
DEATH IS  
HUNGRY! HE  
SEEKS MORE  
MEN TO FEED  
HIS APPETITE!



A STAGECOACH!... **BLACK!**  
AND WITH A STRANGE, COWLED  
FIGURE HOLDING THE  
REINS...!



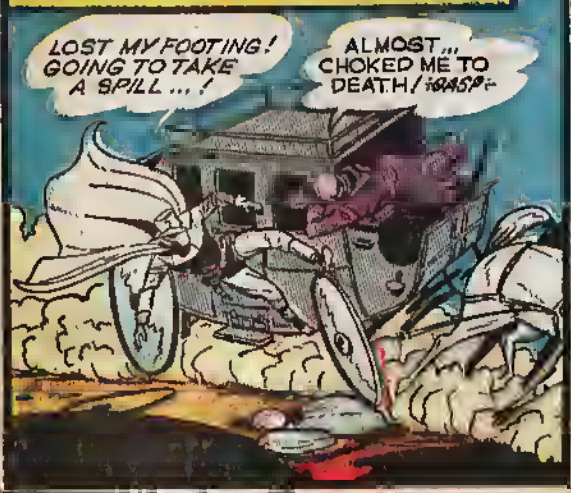




AS THE GHOST RIDER'S REVERSIBLE BLACK CLOAK WHIRLS ABOUT HIM, HIS HANDS GLOW IN THE NIGHT! IT SEEMS TO THE STAGECOACH DRIVER THAT HIS HANDS ARE BODILESS ...



AT THAT MOMENT, ONE OF THE WHEELS STRIKES A LARGE ROCK, THE STAGECOACH BOUNCES VIOLENTLY, SWERVES SHARPLY, AND...





AS DAWN TINTS THE NEARBY HILLS  
NEXT MORNING, A PALEFACED MAN  
STARES DOWN AT A SKULL —

A SKULL! AND—AND THIS ONE  
HAS MY NAME ON IT, I'LL BE  
KILLED... SAME AS LUKE AND  
JEB WERE KILLED!



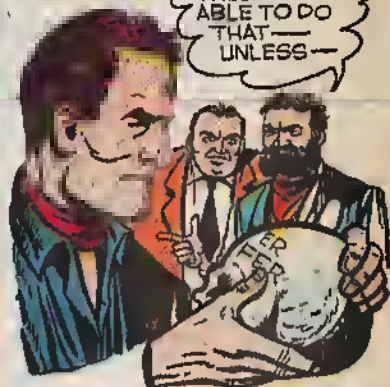
TOM — LOOK!  
ONE OF THOSE  
INFERNAL SKULLS!  
I'M THE NEXT  
TO GO!

EASY,  
ROGER!  
I WANT  
TO  
INTRODUCE  
YOU TO  
REX FURY,  
A U.S.  
MARSHAL!



IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO  
FIGURE OUT. SOMEBODY  
AIMS TO GET RID OF THE  
FOUR MOST IMPORTANT  
MEN IN CACTUS GAP. WHY?  
PERHAPS THE KILLER  
INTENDS TO TAKE OVER  
YOUR PROPERTY  
EVENTUALLY!

NONSENSE!  
THERE'S  
NOBODY ROUND  
THESE PARTS  
ABLE TO DO  
THAT —  
UNLESS —



UNLESS IT'S ONE OF US!  
THAT MEANS YOU'RE THE  
ONE, TOM! YOU COLD-  
BLOODED MURDERER!

HOLD ON, NOW!  
I'M NOT THE  
MAN, ROGER —  
YOU'RE PLUMB  
LOCO! MAYBE  
YOU'RE THE  
ONE YOURSELF!



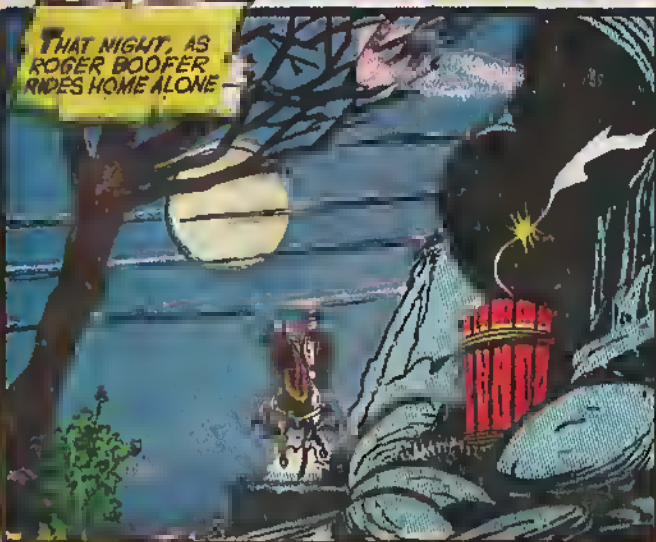
EASY, EASY! WE  
WON'T GET ANYWHERE  
THROWING ACCUSATIONS  
AROUND. BREAK IT UP,  
NOW! WE'LL WAIT FOR  
FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS!

THAT'S ALL  
RIGHT FOR YOU.  
NOBODY'S  
THREATENING  
YOUR LIFE!

I SAY —  
WAIT!

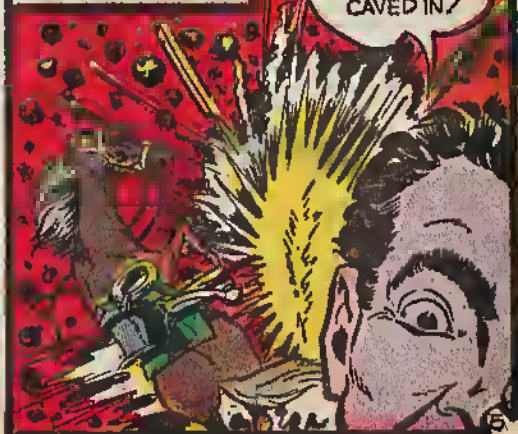


THAT NIGHT, AS  
ROGER BOOFER  
RIDES HOME ALONE —

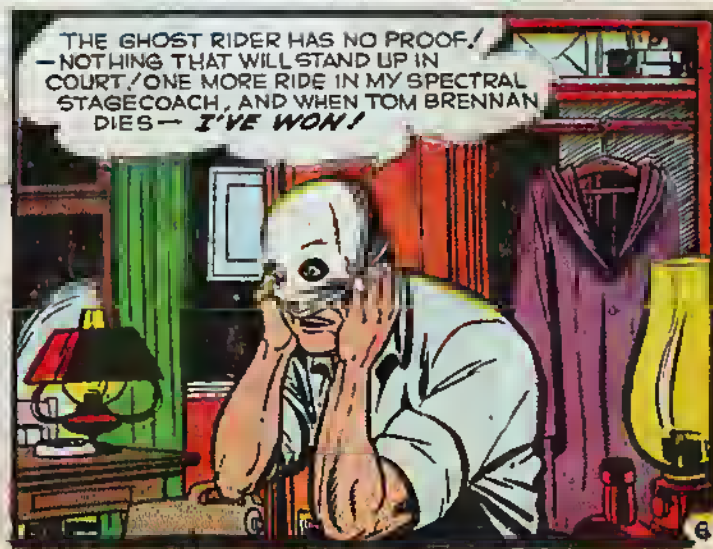
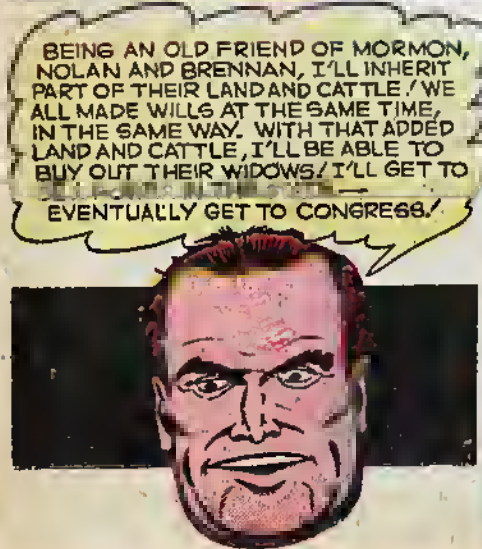
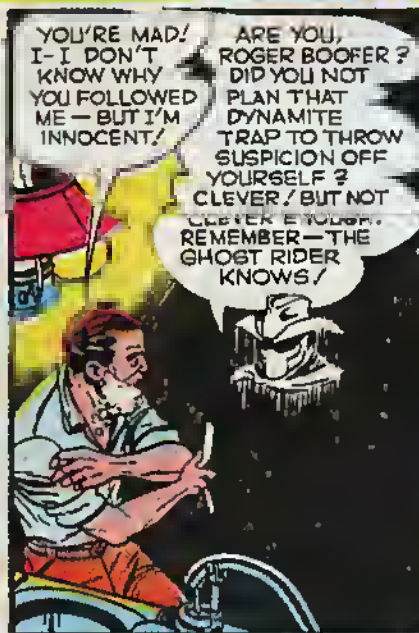
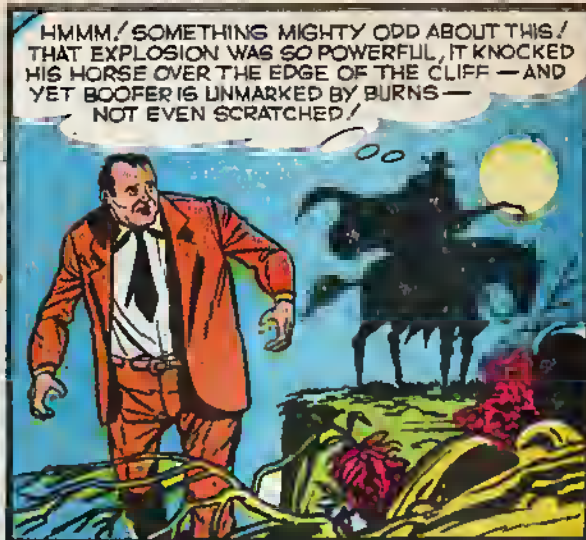


SUDDENLY THE GROUND  
ERUPTS UNDER HIM! BITS  
OF FLYING ROCK FLY  
THROUGH THE AIR!

THE  
WHOLE SIDE  
OF THE CLIFF  
CAVED IN!









ONCE AGAIN THE WHEELS OF THE STAGECOACH OF DEATH RATTLE AND BOUNCE / ONCE AGAIN THE FACELESS COWLED DRIVER HOLDS THE REINS...

OUR LAST RIDE, MY BEAUTIES / TONIGHT WE TRAVEL DEATH'S HIGHWAY FOR THE LAST TIME! RUN! RUN!



SUDDENLY, SUSPENDED IN THE AIR ITSELF —!

YOU WHO RIDE ON DEATH'S BUSINESS... — GREETINGS!



you!

THIS TIME THERE IS NO ESCAPE, MY FRIEND!



THIS TIME, WHEN I FALL OFF THE COACH, YOU WILL FALL WITH ME!

NO! NO!



ROGER BOOFER / I KNEW IT! YOU KILLED LUKE MORMON... AND POISONED JEB NOLAN SO THAT HE DIED IN THE SAGE FLATS! YOU SERVED DEATH WELL / BUT YOU WILL SERVE HIM EVEN BETTER —



— WHEN THEY HANG YOU FOR YOUR CRIMES!



OUR JOB IS DONE! ONCE AGAIN THE EVIL THAT STALKS BY NIGHT HAS FADED OUT! UP, SPECTRE! AWAY!





the

# GHOST RIDER

DICK AYERS

RUN FER YER LIVES! IT'S...  
IT'S WILD-MAN FEENEY!

OF ALL THE BADHATS THAT  
EVER RANGED THE WEST, NONE  
WAS MORE FEARSOME THAN  
WILD-MAN FEENEY.

SIX-SHOOTERS BLAZING, HE CUT  
A SWATH OF TERROR WHERE HE  
WENT... UNTIL HE RAN AFOL OF  
THE GHOST RIDER WHO  
ACCOMPLISHED THE IMPOSSIBLE  
IN—"THE TAMING OF

WILD-MAN FEENEY!"



KEE-YI-YOP!  
I'M THE WILD-MAN  
HISSELF—AN' I'M  
RARIN' TUN GO!



ANYTHING YUH  
WANT, WILD-MAN—  
ANYTHING  
AT ALL!

WIKKER, AN' PLENNY  
LUV IT—AN' NOBODY  
ELSE AT THE BAR!  
I'M TAKING OVER,  
SEE?









YES, REX FURY  
WILL BE **MOST**  
INTERESTED...



**A SHORT TIME LATER, AT REX  
FURY'S CABIN ON THE OUTSKIRTS  
OF THE TOWN OF LOBB GAP...**

SO LARKIN AND  
WILD-MAN FEENEY  
ARE PLANNING SOME  
EVIL WORK... DO  
YOU KNOW THE  
DETAILS, SING-SONG?

MAP POINTS  
SOUTH TO  
RIPTOOTH  
PASS,  
MR. REX.



WHERE DO  
WE GO,  
MR. REX?

TO THE LOCAL  
SHERIFF, SING-SONG.  
THOSE RANNIES  
ARE IN HIS  
TERRITORY.



**BUT SHERIFF  
LEADSTEER ISN'T  
HAPPY ABOUT  
CHASING  
RUSTLERS...**

WHAT? WE  
GO AFTER  
WILD-MAN  
FEENEY?  
MARSHAL, I  
AIN'T **THAT**  
LOCO!

WELL, IF  
YOU WON'T  
STOP THEM,  
THEN ...



**THE GHOST RIDER WILL!**  
SING-SONG, FOLLOW FEENEY  
AND LARKIN! SOON AS THEY  
LEAVE, LET ME KNOW!

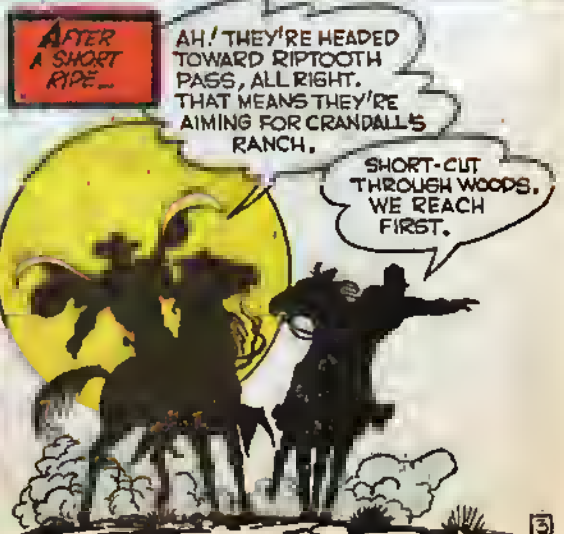
WILL DO,  
MARSHAL,  
REX!



**AND, AS  
EVENING  
FALLS,  
SING-SONG  
RETURNS...**

BAD MEN  
GO SOUTH,  
MR. REX.

AND GOOD MEN  
SHALL FOLLOW  
THEM. COME,  
SING-SONG, WE  
MUST PICK UP  
THEIR TRAIL.

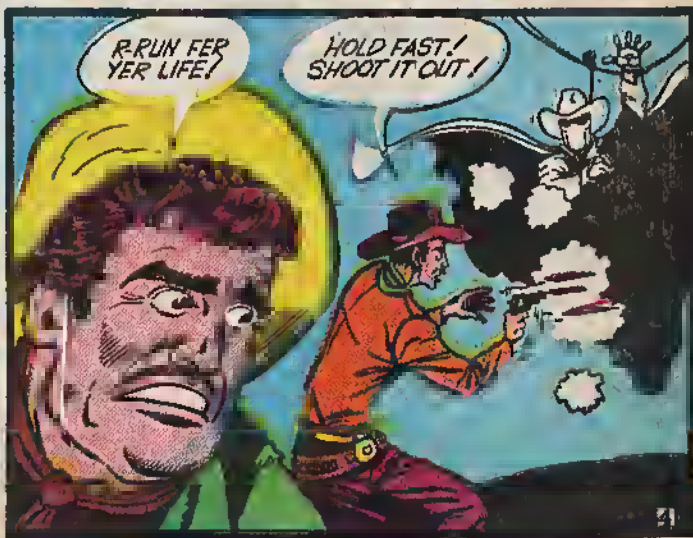
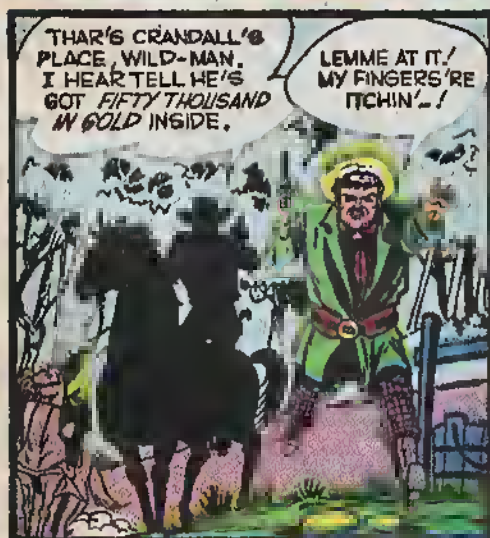
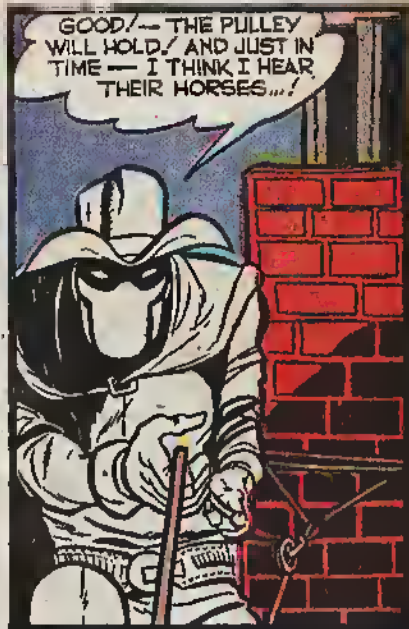
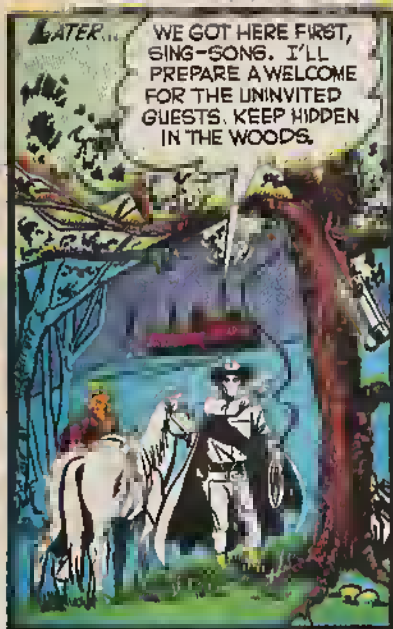


**AFTER  
A SHORT  
RIPE...**

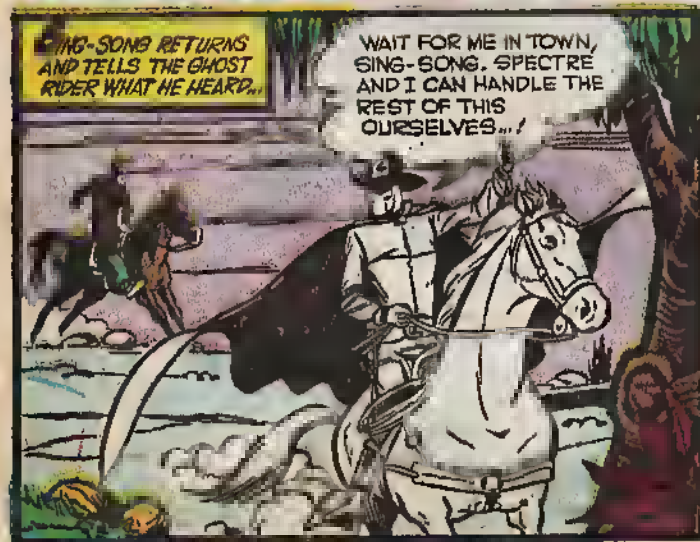
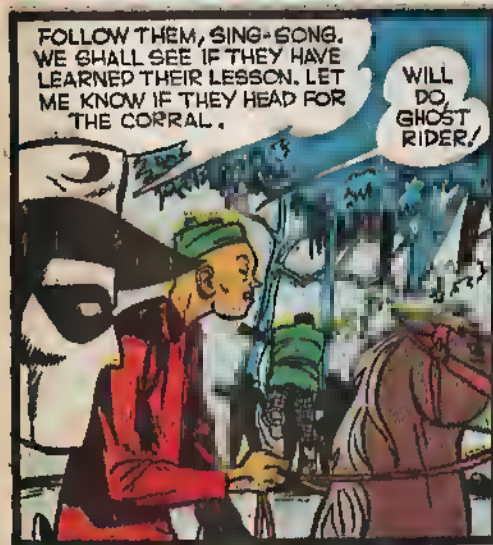
AH! THEY'RE HEADED  
TOWARD RIPTOOTH  
PASS, ALL RIGHT.  
THAT MEANS THEY'RE  
AIMING FOR CRANDALL'S  
RANCH.

SHORT-CUT  
THROUGH WOODS.  
WE REACH  
FIRST.

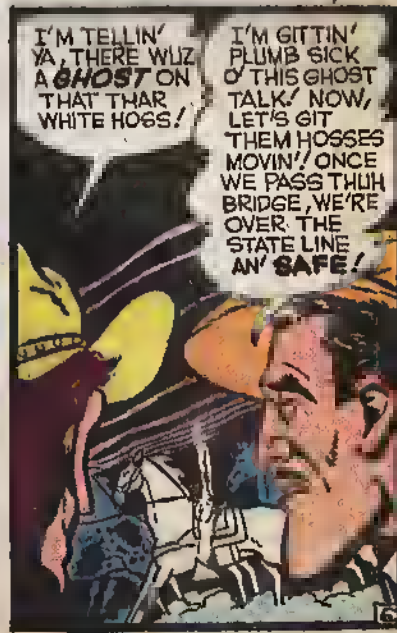
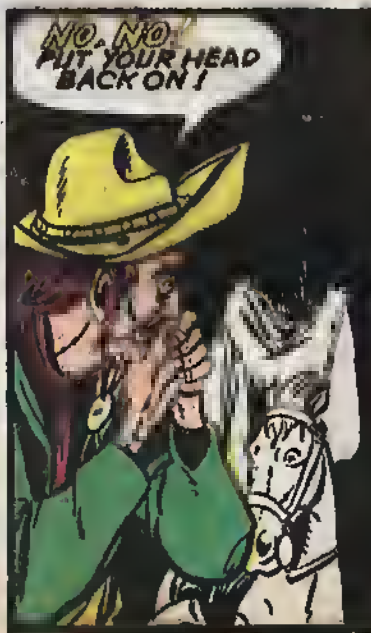
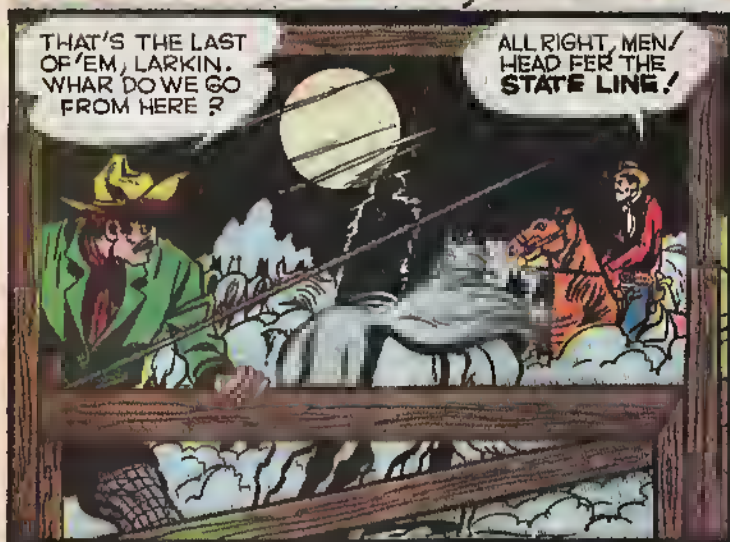
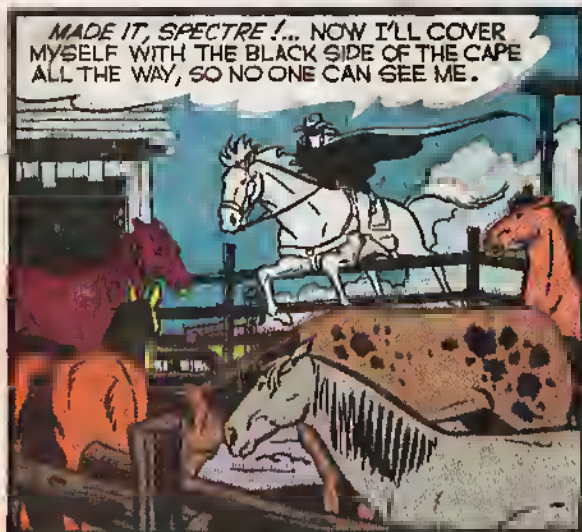












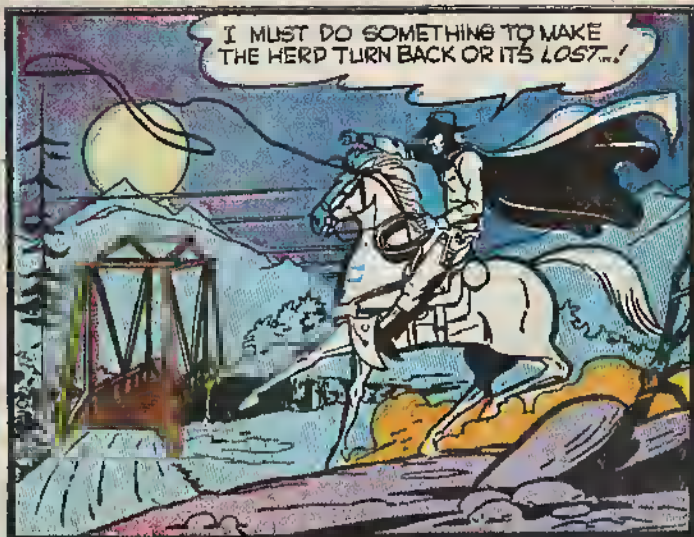


SEEING HIS CHANCE,  
THE GHOST RIDER  
SLIPS AWAY FROM  
THE HERD...

MY BLACK AND  
WHITE CAPE DID  
HALF THE TRICK...  
NOW TO FINISH  
THE JOB



I MUST DO SOMETHING TO MAKE  
THE HERD TURN BACK OR ITS LOST...!



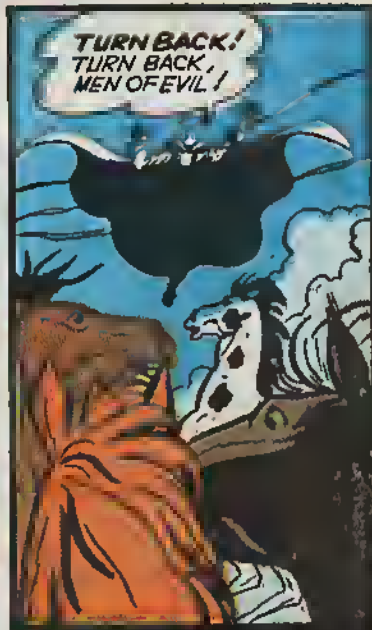
A PLUNGING GHOST  
SHOULD SCARE THEM BACK  
TO THE CORRAL...!



AH, THE HERD!  
NOW...!



TURN BACK!  
TURN BACK,  
MEN OF EVIL!



YEE! I'M  
GITTIN'  
OUT!

TH...THUH GHOST!  
IT'S REAL! HEAD  
BACK FORTOWN,  
MEN! WE'RE  
LICKED!



THAT DID IT, SPECTRE! THE HERD  
WILL RETURN TO THE CORRAL NOW.  
BUT I THINK THERE'S A JOB IN  
TOWN - FOR MARSHAL REX FURY...!





**NEXT MORNING, IN THE  
STREETS OF TOWN...**

HEY, MARSHAL!  
CRANDALL HERE  
TELLS ME SOME  
BADHATS TRIED  
TO HOLD HIM UP  
LAS' NIGHT, AN'  
THEN STAMPED  
HIS HOSSES!

SHERIFF,  
I DEMAND  
YOU GIT THEM  
HOSSES BACK  
AN' CAPTURE  
THE MEN  
WHUT DONE  
IT.



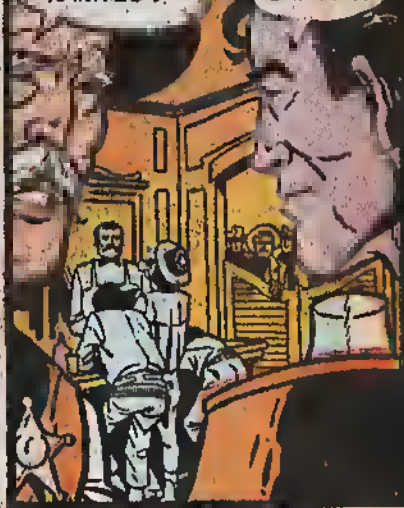
YOUR HORSES  
ARE BACK IN THE  
CORRAL, CRANDALL.  
AND IF YOU WANT  
THE MEN WHO  
STAMPED  
THEM, COME  
INTO THE  
BAR.

THUH  
BAR? BUT  
THERE'S  
NO  
BADHATS  
IN  
THAR!



WHUT IS THIS,  
A WILD-GOOSE  
CHASE, MARSHAL?  
WHAR'S THUH  
RANNIES?

COMING  
IN BEHIND  
YOU,  
SHERIFF...



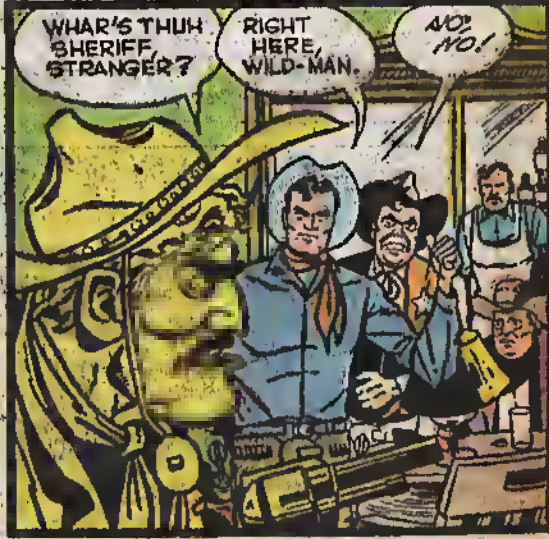
**DUCK!** IT'S  
WILD-MAN FEENEY!



WHAR'S THUH  
SHERIFF  
STRANGER?

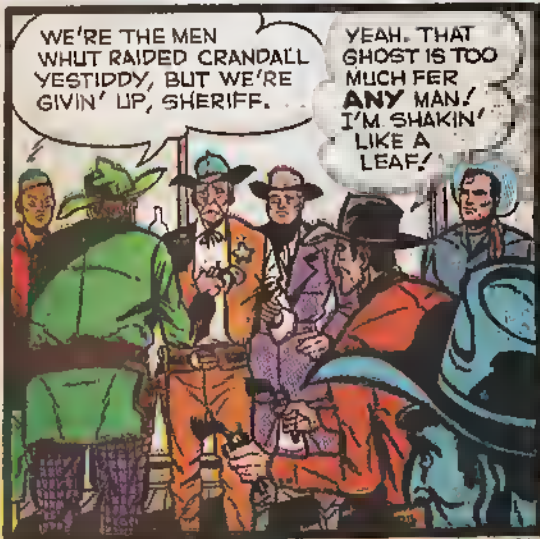
RIGHT  
HERE,  
WILD-MAN.

NO!  
NO!



WE'RE THE MEN  
WHUT RAIDED CRANDALL  
YESTIDDY, BUT WE'RE  
GIVIN' UP, SHERIFF.

YEAH. THAT  
GHOST IS TOO  
MUCH FER  
**ANY MAN!**  
I'M SHAKIN'  
LIKE A  
LEAF!



**AS THE BADHATS  
ARE LED TO JAIL...**

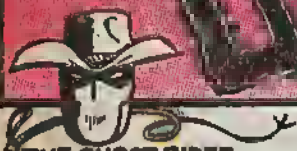
A  
LAST SLUG  
OF RYE,  
WILD-MAN?

THANK YOU, MR. BARTENDER,  
BUT COULD I HAVE A CUP  
OF COFFEE, BLACK, INSTEAD?  
MY NERVES ARE SHOT  
SOMETHIN' TURBIBLE!

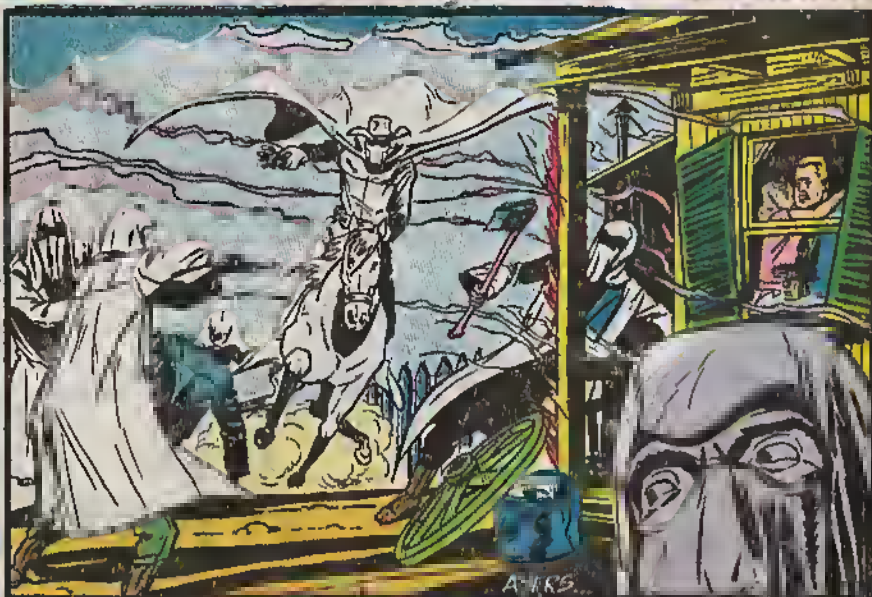




# the GHOST RIDER



THE GHOST RIDER, IT SEEMS IS NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO WEARS THE WHITE CAPE AND MASK. OTHERS HAVE DONNED THE CLOAK OF WHITE — MEN OF HATE — AND THEIR AIM IS NOT JUSTICE — BUT BLOOD, FURY AND SUDDEN DEATH! IN THIS SUSPENSE-FILLED ADVENTURE OF THE GHOST RIDER —



THE SLENDER, SELDOM-TRAVERSED TRAILS LEADING WESTWARD ARE SUDDENLY CHOKED WITH TRAVELLERS. A HORDE OF FARMERS, HUNGRY FOR FREELAND, STREAM ACROSS THE PRAIRIES. THE GOVERNMENT HAS JUST OPENED GREAT TRACTS OF LAND FOR FARMING, FREE FOR THE TAKING. THESE NEW FARMER SETTLERS ARE CALLED "NESTERS" AND THERE'S NO LOVE LOST BETWEEN THEM AND THE CATTLEMEN WHO WANT THE RANGELAND FOR THEMSELVES...



WELL, SING-SONG, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH A REAL WAR HAS BROKEN OUT BETWEEN THE NESTERS AND THE CATTLEMEN. AND I THINK BURKE, OF THE BAR-M CATTLE-SPREAD IS THE JASPER WHO'S BEHIND IT ALL...



I UNDERSTAND BURKE HAS ORGANIZED THE CATTLEMEN INTO AN ARMY OF WHITE-HOODED VIGILANTES WHO CALL THEMSELVES "THE NIGHTRIDERS." THEY AIM TO KILL EVERY NESTER IN THIS VALLEY.

BAD BUSINESS! MUST BE STOPPED — NO?



RIGHT, AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE PLANS OF THE NIGHTRIDERS SO I CAN STOP THEM — AND THAT'S TO WORK FROM WITHIN! I KETCH!





I JUST SAW BURKE GOING INTO THIS SALOON. I'M GOING TO TALK TO HIM. NOW, LISTEN CAREFULLY, SING-SONG—WHATEVER HAPPENS, YOU SHADOW ME—UNDERSTAND?

RIGHT/ AND ME KEEP *GHOST RIDER* OUTFIT HANDY, TOO!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN THE SALOON...

YOUR NAME'S BURKE, ISN'T IT? I WANT TO TALK TO YOU—PRIVATE!

OKAY WITH ME, STRANGER. LET'S GO INTO THE BACK ROOM.



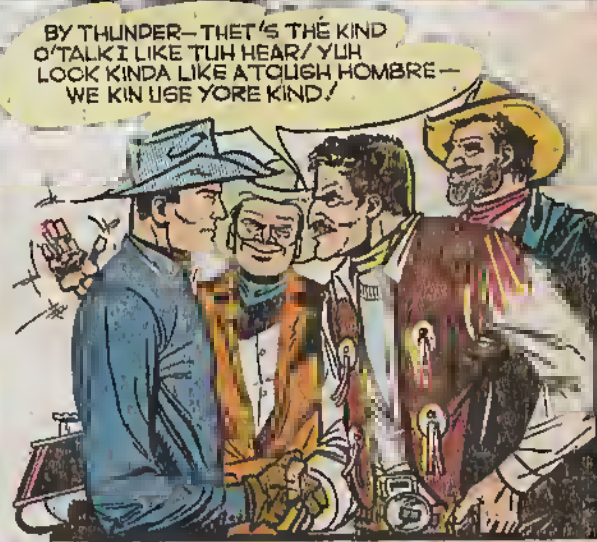
I SAID "PRIVATE," BURKE!

ANYTHING YUH GOT TUH SAY TUH ME, STRANGER, YUH KIN SAY IN FRONT O' MUH BOYS HERE. THEY'RE MUH—ER—BODYGUARD, SO TUH SPEAK! RIGHT, BOYS?

RIGHT, BOSS!



I'LL GET RIGHT TO THE POINT, BURKE. I HATE NESTERS, SEE? I'D LIKE TO KILL EVERY ONE OF THEM. I KNOW YOU'RE BOSS OF THE NIGHTRIDERS AND I WANT TO JOIN UP!

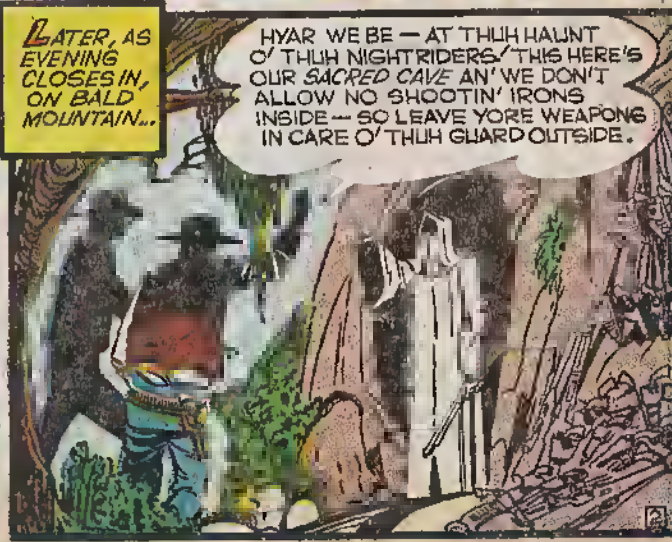


BY THUNDER—THET'S THE KIND O'TALK I LIKE TUH HEAR/ YUH LOOK KINDA LIKE A TOUGH HOMBRE—WE KIN USE YORE KIND!



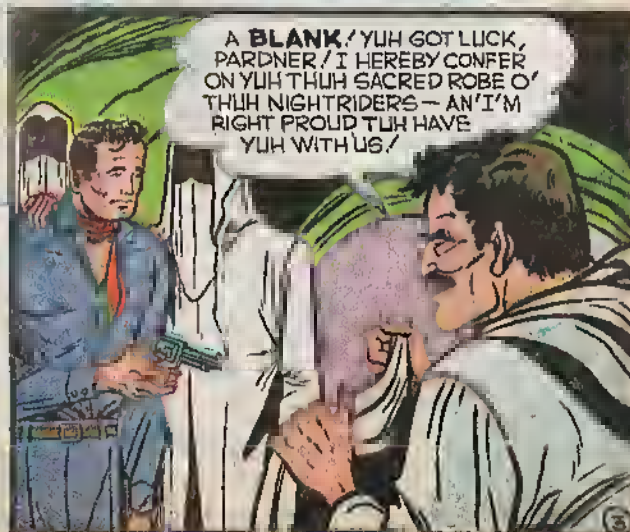
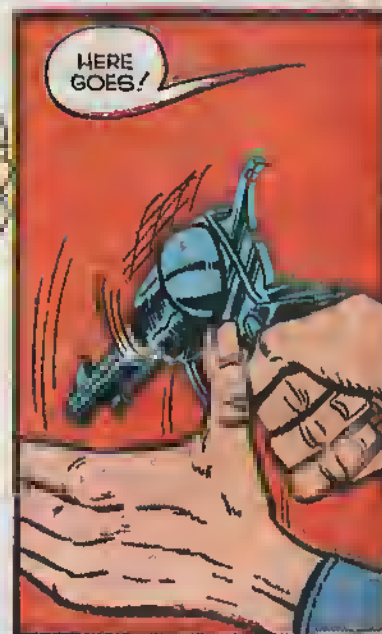
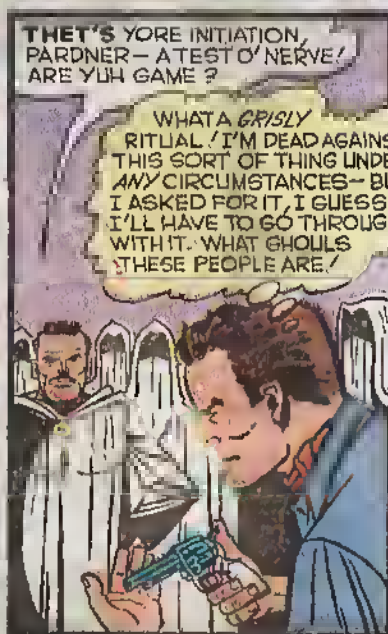
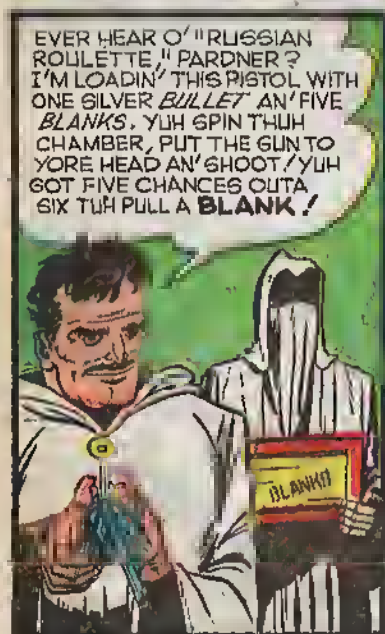
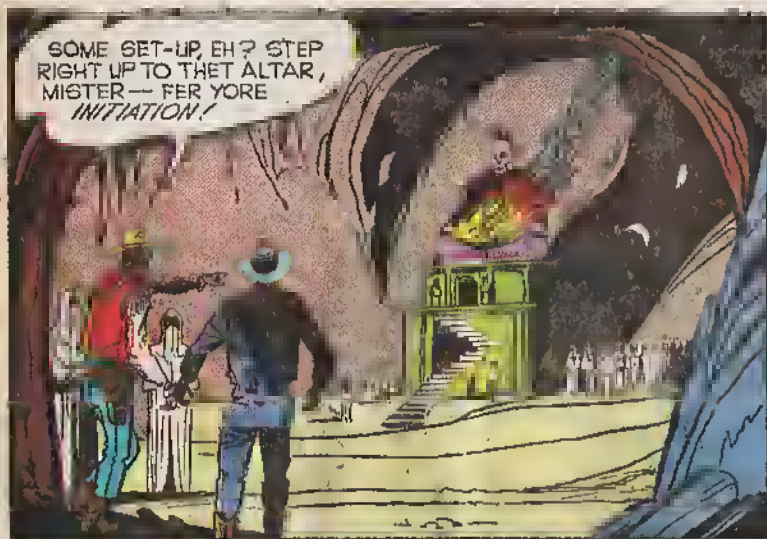
THAT IS, PROVIDIN' YUH KIN PASS OUR INITIATION TEST! I'M WARNIN' YUH—IT TAKES A MIGHTY BRAVE JASPER TUH DO IT! WE'LL TAKE YUH TO OUR HEADQUARTERS ON BALD MOUNTAIN RIGHT NOW!

LATER, AS EVENING CLOSES IN, ON BALD MOUNTAIN...



HYAR WE BE—AT TUH HAUNT O' TUH NIGHTRIDERS/ THIS HERE'S OUR SACRED CAVE AN' WE DON'T ALLOW NO SHOOTIN' IRONS INSIDE—SO LEAVE YORE WEAPONS IN CARE O' TUH GUARD OUTSIDE.











THE HORDE OF WHITE-ROBED HOODLUMS SPILL DOWN INTO THE VALLEY AND CHARGE THE FIRST NESTER SHACK IN THEIR PATH.

**NIGHTRIDERS!** QUICK, MARTHA—GET INSIDE AND START LOADING RIFLES, WHILE I BOLT THIS DOOR! WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT FOR OUR LIVES!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU DOPES—YOU NEVER EVEN **NICKED** THET NESTER, CAIN'T YUH SHOOT ANYMORE? COME ON, WE'LL **BURN 'EM OUT!**

I'VE GOT TO SAVE THAT NESTER FAMILY **SOMEHOW** I'LL RIDE AROUND TO THE BACK OF THE HOUSE.

... AND LASSO THAT BEAM. THUNDER, I WISH I WAS RIDING SPECTER—BUT MAYBE THIS BRONC CAN PULL, TOO. COME ON, BOY—**PULL!**

ONE STRONG TUG BY THE HORSE IS ENOUGH TO PULL DOWN THE WALL OF THE FLIMSY FARMER'S SHACK.

WHAT THE—! LOOKS LIKE THEY GOT US, MARTHA!

QUICK! JUMP UP BEHIND ME! I'M A FRIEND! **HURRY!**

WAL, I'LL BE—! THEY'RE GETTIN' AWAY!

IT'S THET NEW GUY WE INITIATED TODAY—THE **SPY**! AFTER 'EM! **EVERYBODY—GO GIT 'EM!**

WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT, MISTER—THIS HORSE IS OVERLOADED!—I'M GETTIN' OFF AN' HOLD 'EM—YOU GET MY WIFE OUTA HERE!

WE'LL MAKE IT, I TELL YOU. WE HIT THE SWAMP IN A SECOND—AND THERE, ON OUR FEET, WE'VE GOT AN EVEN CHANCE!

NEVER MIND ABOUT THEIR SHOOTING—PLUNGE AHEAD AS FAST AS YOU CAN!



IF ONLY SING-GONG MADE IT! IT SHOULD BE  
NEAR HERE—THERE!...*THERE IT IS—THE BOAT!*...  
THAT BOAT WILL TAKE US TO CLEAR WATER  
AND THE RIVER— AND SAFETY!



QUICK! GET IN!  
THERE THEY ARE!

IT'S TOO LATE! SAVE YOURSELF!  
I'LL GIVE YOU A SHOVE FOR  
SPEED AND I'LL STAY HERE AND  
HOLD THEM OFF! GOODBYE!



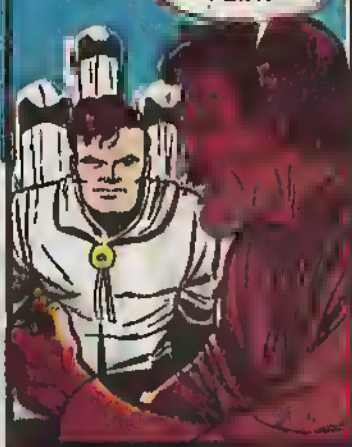
THEY GOT  
AWAY! HE  
SAVED THEM  
DIRTY  
NESTERS!

BUT WE  
GOT THE  
SPY!



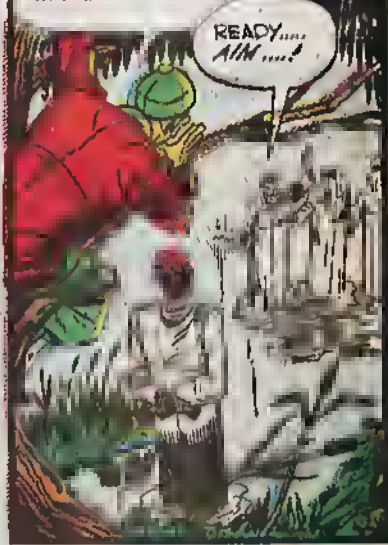
WHAT'LL  
WE DO WITH  
HIM, BOSS?

JUST WHAT WE  
DO WITH ALL  
TRAITORS AND  
SPIES! WE'LL  
**EXECUTE**  
HIM! TIE HIS  
HANDS AND  
FEET!



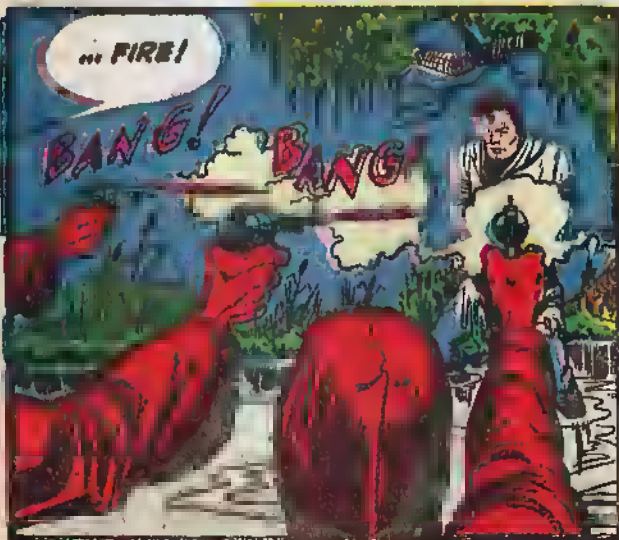
HSSS! REX—REMEMBER, GUNS  
LOADED WITH **BLANKS**!  
MAKE LIKE DEAD!

READY...  
*Alth...*



... FIRE!

**BANG!** **BANG!**



AND THET TAKES CARE O' THET SPY! NOW  
BACK TO THE VALLEY! WE'LL MAKE UP FOR  
THIS BY TAKIN' CARE O' THUH OTHER  
NESTERS IN THUH VALLEY.







AND, A FEW  
MOMENTS  
LATER...

NIGHTRIDERS  
GONE NOW.  
YOU OKAY, REX?

WHEW/I JUST  
COULDN'T HOLD  
MY BREATH  
FOR ANOTHER  
SECOND!

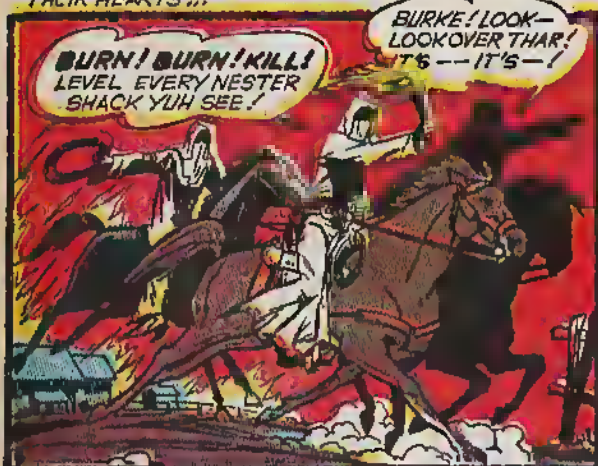


AND NOW TO BRING  
JUSTICE UPON  
THOSE MURDERERS!



SING-SONG THINK SO, TOO.  
AND NEARBY IS HIGH GROUND.  
THERE IS WAITING SPECTRE  
AND COSTUME OF  
GHOST RIDER!

A SHORT TIME LATER, AS THE NIGHTRIDERS  
CHARGE A NESTER SETTLEMENT, COLD MURDER IN  
THEIR HEARTS ...



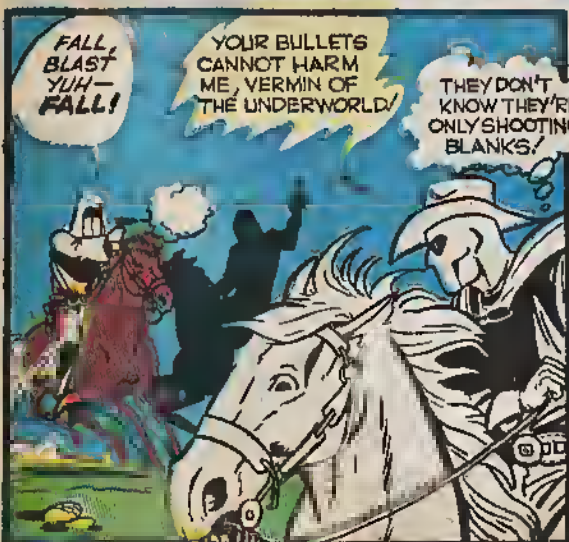
BURN! BURN! KILL!  
LEVEL EVERY NESTER  
SHACK YUH SEE!

BURKE! LOOK-  
LOOK OVER THAR!  
IT'S -- IT'S --!



THE GHOST RIDER!  
SHOOT! SHOOT!

SHOOT AWAY,  
YOU HOODED  
MURDERERS!



FALL,  
BLAST  
YUH--  
FALL!

YOUR BULLETS  
CANNOT HARM  
ME, VERMIN OF  
THE UNDERWORLD!

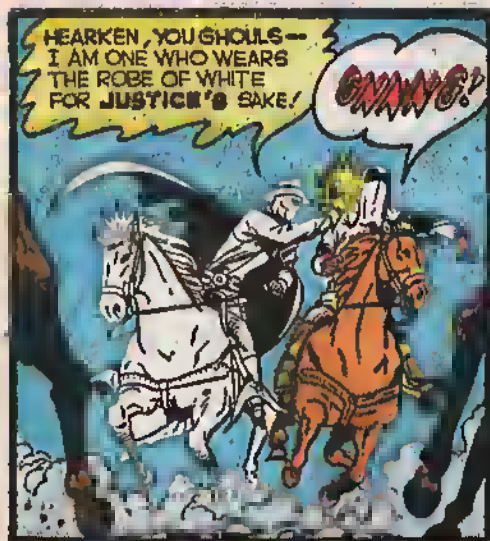
THEY DON'T  
KNOW THEY'RE  
ONLY SHOOTING  
BLANKS!



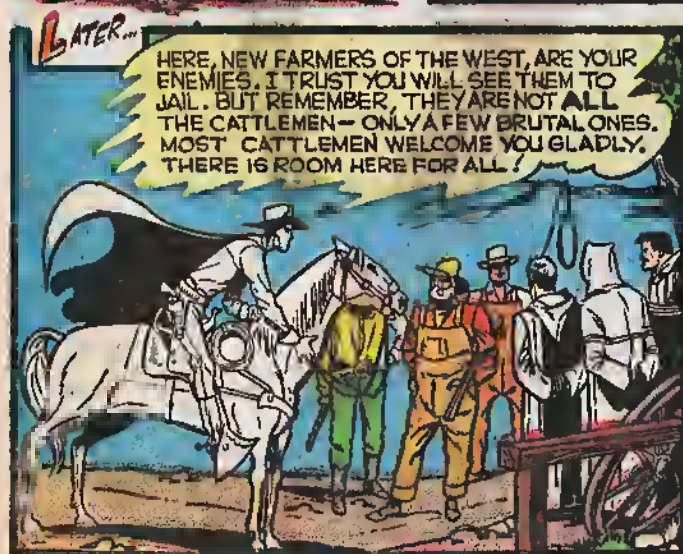
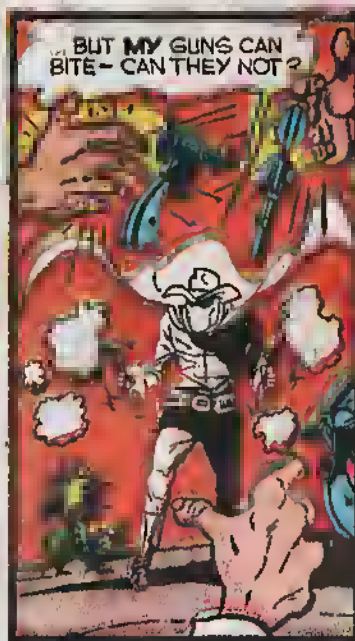
IT'S TRUE-- HE IS A GHOST!  
THEM BULLETS CAIN'T TECH HIM!

I'M  
GITTIN'  
OUTA  
HYAR!





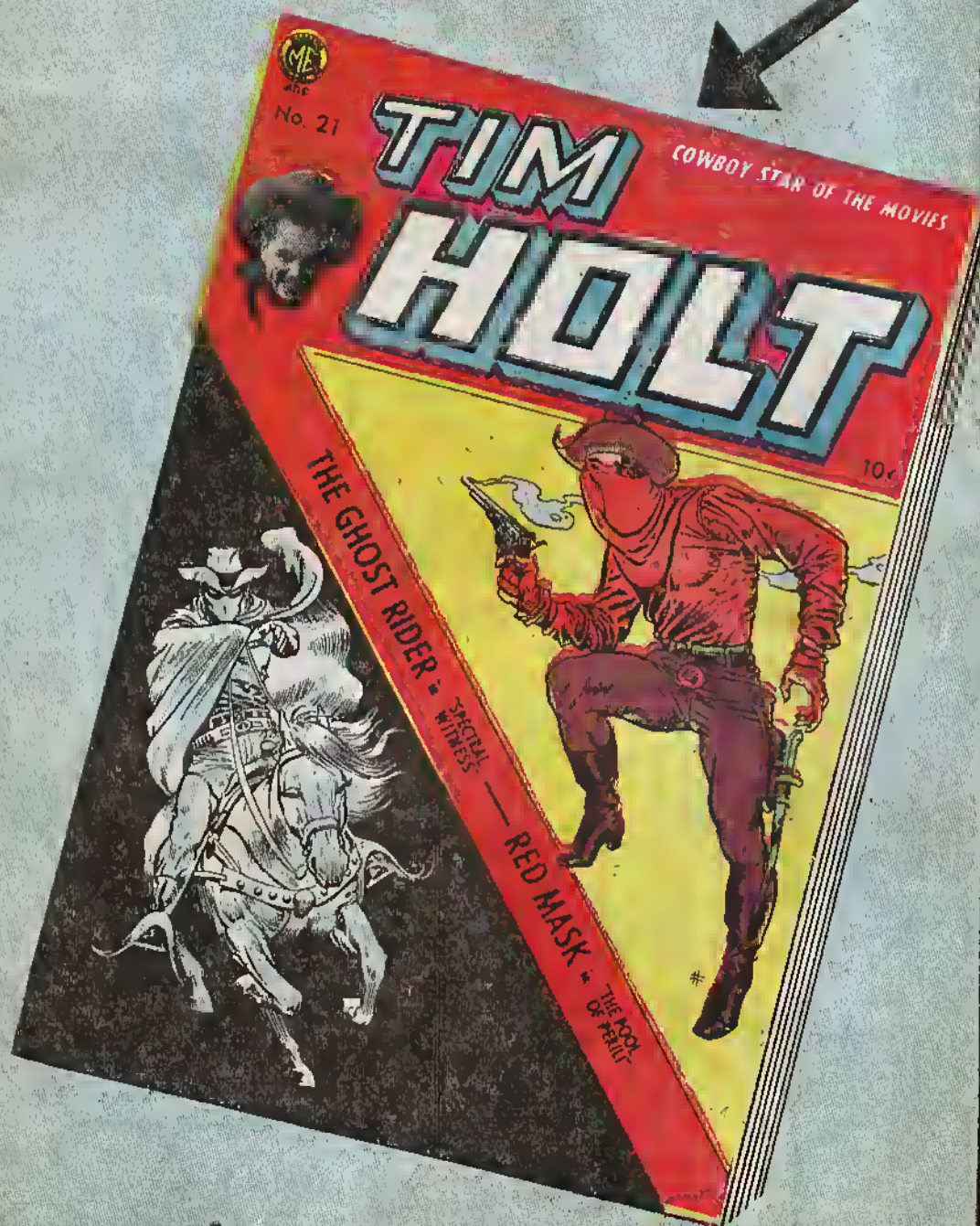
**THE**  
HORSES OF  
THE NIGHT-  
RIDERS ARE  
NO MATCH  
FOR THE  
FLEET SPECTRE!  
THE GHOST  
RIDER, A WHITE  
STREAK OF  
VENGEANCE  
SWIRLS LIKE A  
WRAITH OF  
FURY AMONG  
THE WHITE-  
ROBED  
HOODLUMS!





# THE GHOST RIDER

*RIDES*  
IN EVERY  
ISSUE OF

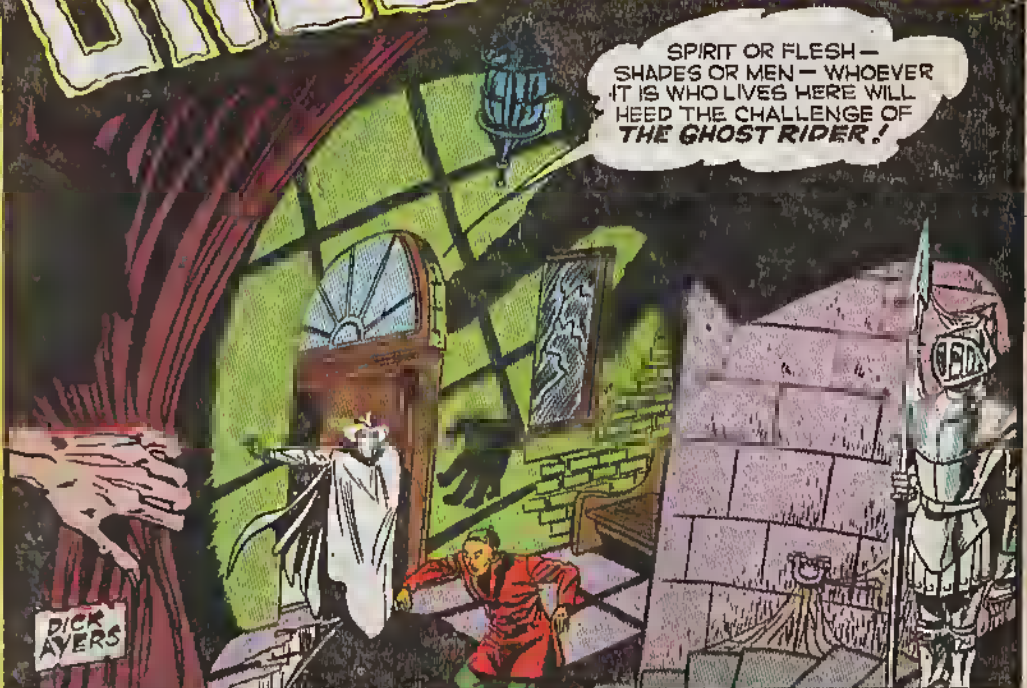


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# the GHOST RIDER

**B**ELIEVE IT OR NOT — A GENUINE CASTLE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WESTERN BADLANDS! AND THERE WAS NO ONE WHO COULD EXPLAIN THE MYSTERY OF THE EERIE MOANS AND WEIRD LIGHTS THAT CAME FROM THIS FORTRESS OF DREAD WITH ITS MYSTERIOUS PAST! ONLY REX FURY — WHO AT NIGHT BECAME THE GHOST RIDER DARED TO FACE THE NAMELESS HORROR OF A NIGHT IN — **THE HAUNTED CASTLE!**



DICK AYERS

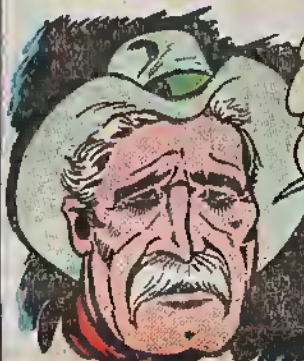
ONE DAY AS REX FURY, SING SONG, THE SHERIFF, AND THE MAYOR OF RED GAP ARE RIDING BY "THE HAUNTED CASTLE" ...

MAYOR SWEENEY, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN CURIOUS ABOUT THAT STRANGE OLD CASTLE, HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BADLANDS — LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE MIDDLE AGES. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

NOT MUCH, REX — EXCEPT THAT EVERYONE SAYS IT'S HAUNTED! I'VE SEEN AND HEARD SOME MIGHTY SPOOKY SOUNDS AND SIGHTS AROUND HERE, MYSELF! BUT SHERIFF TONE HERE KNOWS THE STORY — HOW ABOUT TELLING IT TO US, SHERIFF?



IT'S A STRANGE YARN ALL RIGHT, GENTS. 'BOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, A QUEER DUCK CAME OUT THIS WAY FROM THE EAST. HE WAS HALF-CRAZY, I GUESS ...

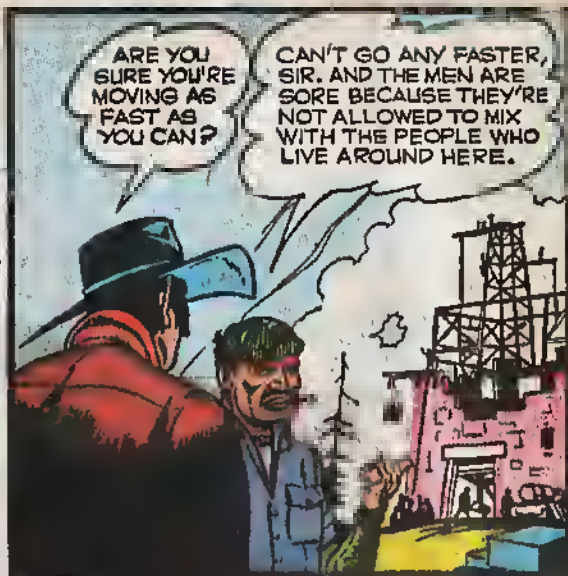




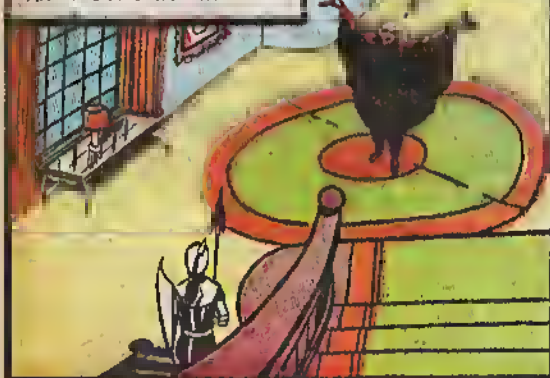
"BUT HE SEEMED TO HAVE MORE MONEY THAN HE KNEW WHAT TO DO WITH. IT GORTA APPEARED TUH ME THET HE WAS RUNNIN' AWAY FROM SOMETHIN'."



"TOTAL, HE BROUGHT IN ALL KINDS OF BUILDERS AND WORKMEN FROM THE EAST. I GUESS HE JEST DIDN'T WANT NOBODY 'ROUND THESE PARTS TO KNOW ANYTHIN' ABOUT THET CASTLE HE WUZ BUILDIN'."



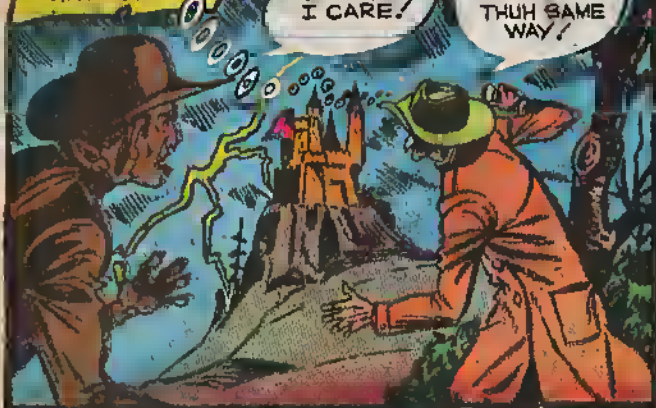
"JEST LAST, THUH THING WAS FINISHED. ALL THE BUILDERS WENT BACK EAST AN' LEFT THUH GUY ALONE LIKE HE WANTED. HE PUT A BIG 'KEEP OUT' SIGN OUTSIDE THE PLACE AN' MOVED IN'."



"JEST THET WAS THUH LAST ANYONE EVER SAW OF HIM. HE LIVED LIKE THET FOR TEN YEARS. ALL BY HIMSELF—UNTIL ONE PARK AN' STORMY NIGHT, I FOUND HIS BODY, ALL BEAT UP AN' BATTERED, TEN MILES AWAY FROM HERE ON THE SHORE OF THE RIVER!"



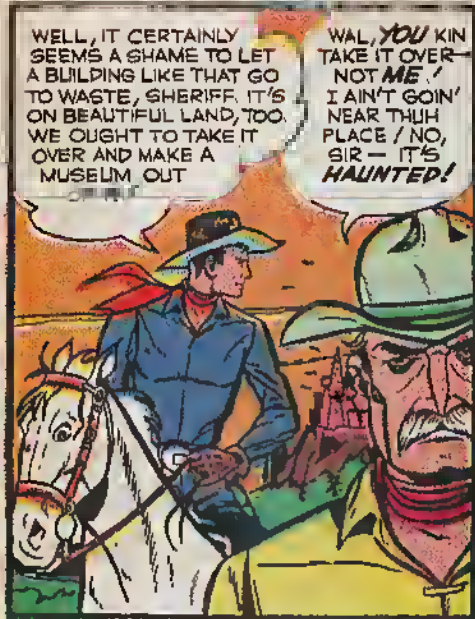
"JEST AN' THET VERY NIGHT, STRANGE LIGHTS WERE SEEN COMING FROM THUH CASTLE—AN' STRANGE MOANINGS WERE HEARD."



"...AN' THET'S HOW IT WAS. AIN'T NOBODY IN THET THERE CASTLE BUT WEEDS, COBWEBS, BATS—AN' SPOOKS! NOBODYS EVER BEEN IN IT—AN' NOBODY EVER SOLVED THUH MYSTERY OF THUH OWNER'S DEATH."







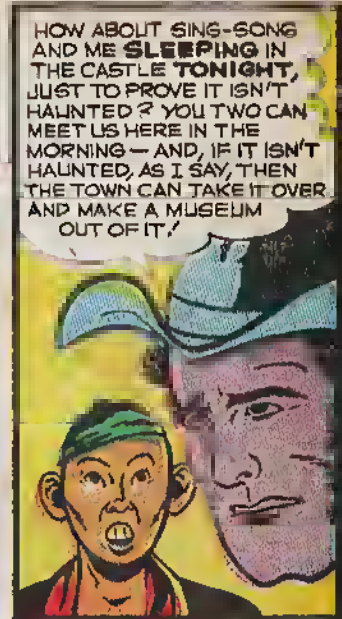
WELL, IT CERTAINLY SEEMS A SHAME TO LET A BUILDING LIKE THAT GO TO WASTE, SHERIFF. IT'S ON BEAUTIFUL LAND, TOO. WE OUGHT TO TAKE IT OVER AND MAKE A MUSEUM OUT

WAL, YOU KIN TAKE IT OVER—NOT ME! I AIN'T GOIN' NEAR THUH PLACE / NO, SIR—IT'S **HAUNTED!**



NOR ME! I JUST DON'T HANKER TO GO GALLIVANTIN' AROUND WITH SPOOKS!

HMMM! I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE THE PLACE IS HAUNTED, GENTLEMEN. I'LL MAKE A BARGAIN WITH YOU...



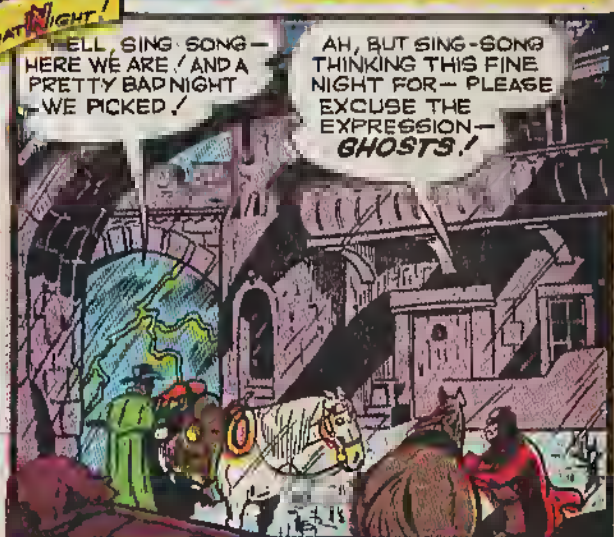
HOW ABOUT SING-SONG AND ME **SLEEPING** IN THE CASTLE TONIGHT, JUST TO PROVE IT ISN'T HAUNTED? YOU TWO CAN MEET US HERE IN THE MORNING—AND, IF IT ISN'T HAUNTED, AS I SAY, THEN THE TOWN CAN TAKE IT OVER AND MAKE A MUSEUM OUT OF IT!



IT'S A DEAL, REX! I ADMIRE YOUR GRIT, BUT I WOULDN'T BE IN YOUR SHOES TONIGHT FOR ANYTHING!

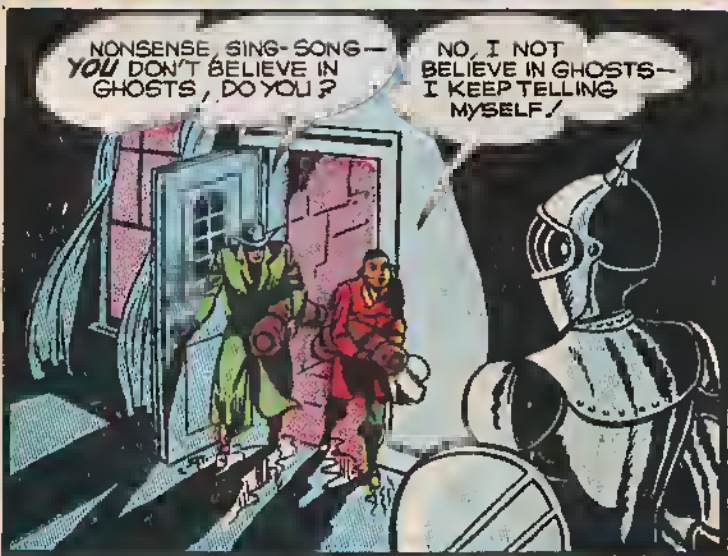
I'LL TAKE YUH UP ON THET, TOO! AN' IF YOU KIN SHOW US THET PLACE AIN'T HAUNTED—WHY, THEN, A MUSEUM IT'LL BE!

**THAT NIGHT!**



WELL, SING-SONG—HERE WE ARE! AND A PRETTY BAD NIGHT—WE PICKED!

AH, BUT SING-SONG THINKING THIS FINE NIGHT FOR— PLEASE EXCUSE THE EXPRESSION—**GHOSTS!**



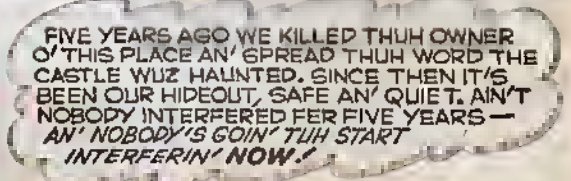
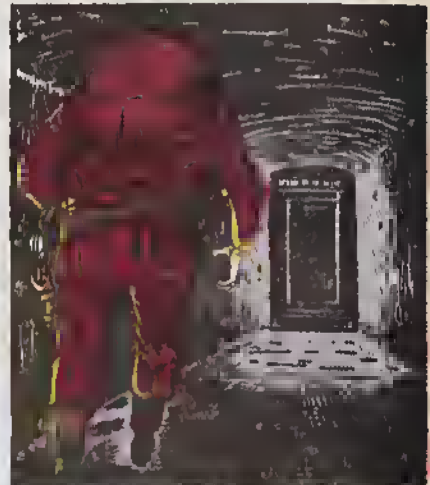
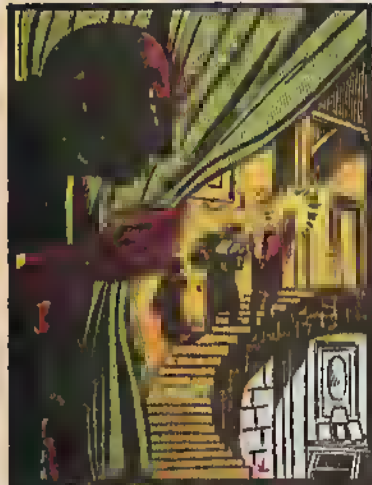
NONSENSE, SING-SONG—YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, DO YOU?

NO, I NOT BELIEVE IN GHOSTS—I KEEP TELLING MYSELF!

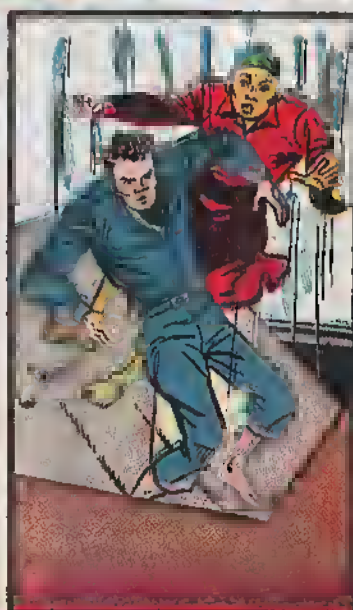
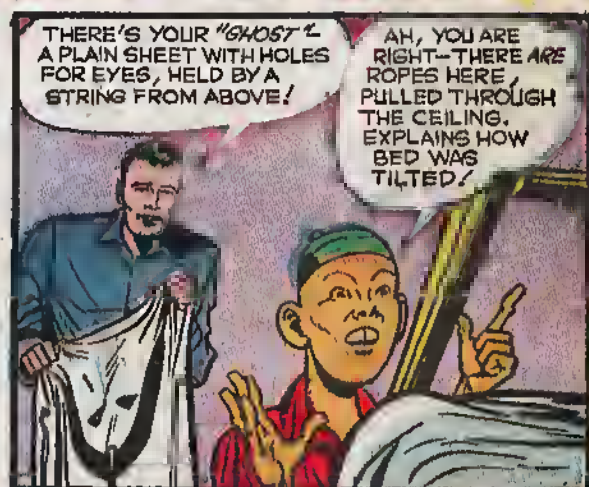
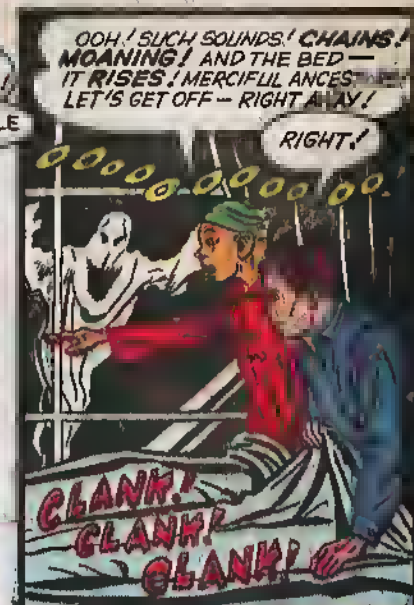
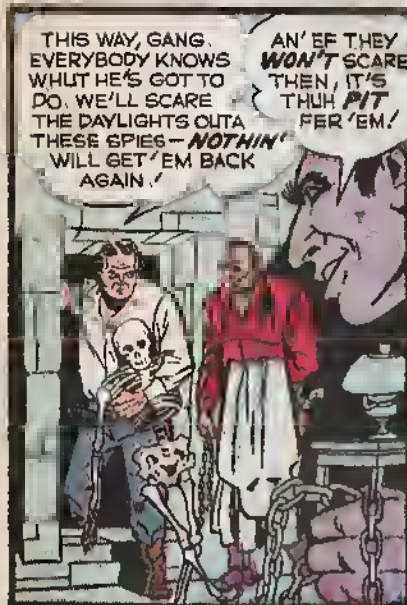


**REX FURY—LOOKOUT!**













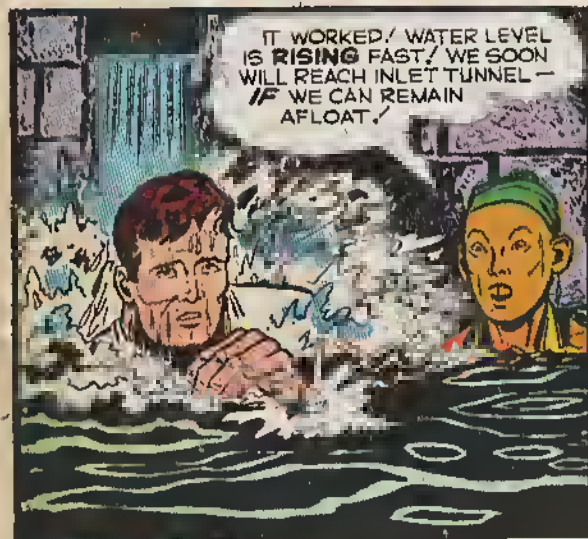
HURRY, SING-SONG —  
TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES  
WHILE SWIMMING / I'LL  
NEED THEM / I'LL NEED  
THESE BRANCHES, TOO!



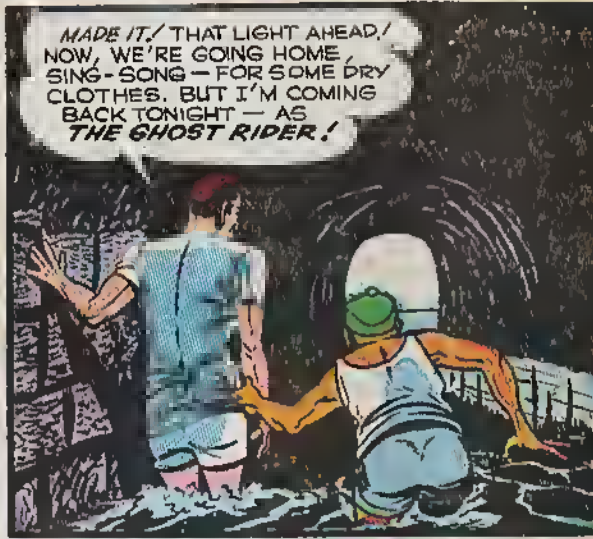
IF ONLY THE  
OUTLET OF THIS  
WELL IS NOT  
TOO BIG /



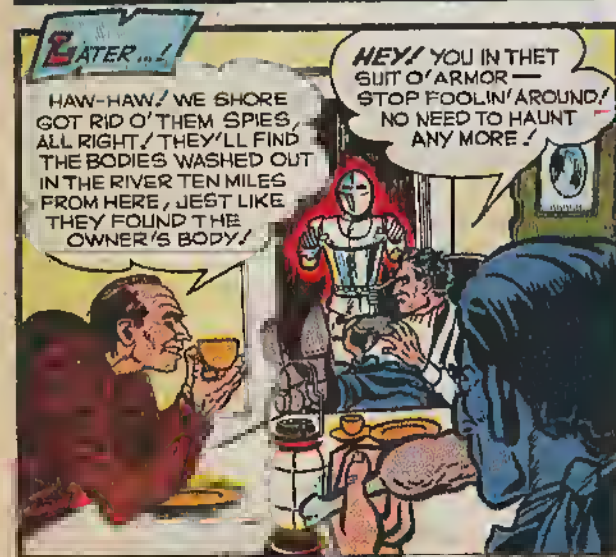
IT'S BIG — BUT THIS  
STUFF OUGHT TO  
STOP UP THE WELL  
LONG ENOUGH TO  
HELP US ...!



IT WORKED! WATER LEVEL  
IS RISING FAST! WE SOON  
WILL REACH INLET TUNNEL —  
IF WE CAN REMAIN  
AFLOAT!



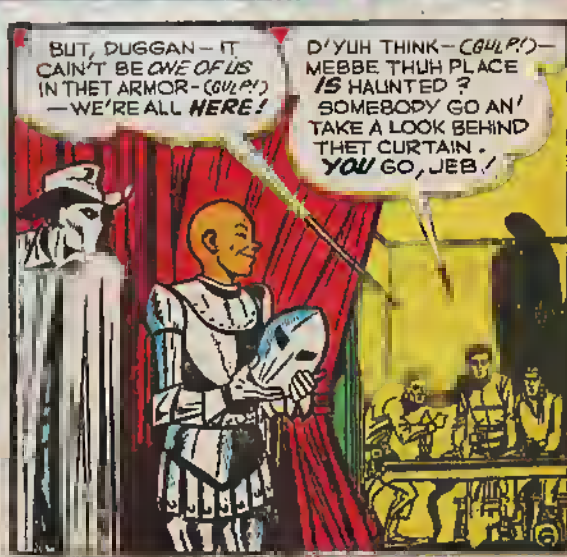
MADE IT! THAT LIGHT AHEAD!  
NOW, WE'RE GOING HOME  
SING-SONG — FOR SOME DRY  
CLOTHES. BUT I'M COMING  
BACK TONIGHT — AS  
*THE GHOST RIDER!*



**LATER ...!**

HAW-HAW! WE SHORE  
GOT RID O' THEM SPIES,  
ALL RIGHT! THEY'LL FIND  
THE BODIES WASHED OUT  
IN THE RIVER TEN MILES  
FROM HERE, JEST LIKE  
THEY FOUND THE  
OWNER'S BODY!

HEY! YOU IN THET  
SUIT O' ARMOR —  
STOP FOOLIN' AROUND!  
NO NEED TO HAUNT  
ANY MORE!



BUT, DUGGAN — IT  
CAIN'T BE ONE O' US  
IN THET ARMOR — (GULP!)  
— WE'RE ALL *HERE!*

D'YUH THINK — (GULP!) —  
MEBBE THUH PLACE  
*IS* HAUNTED?  
SOMEBODY GO AN'  
TAKE A LOOK BEHIND  
THET CURTAIN —  
*YOU GO, JEB!*



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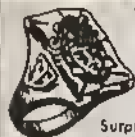
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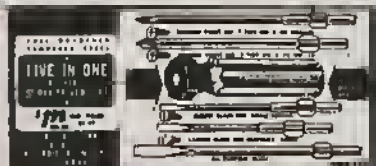


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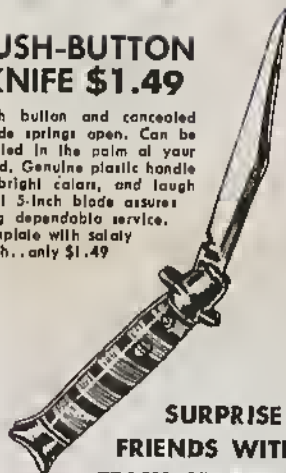
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Push button and concealed blade springs open. Can be carried in the palm of your hand. Genuine plastic handle in bright colors, and tough steel 5-inch blade assures long dependable service. Complete with safety catch...only \$1.49



**SURPRISE YOUR  
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As handsome as the smartest jewelry sold in 5th Avenue stores. Pen, pencil, ballpoint pen, pocket knife and key chain, with handy flashlight attached. All plated in precious rolled gold plate. Fully guaranteeing service. Now specially priced...only \$2.98 Perfect for Gifts!

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PRICE

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\_\_\_\_\_  
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STATE

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(A-1 #29)

2

1950

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GHOST RIDER

DICK AYERS\*

7

GR: TAMING OF WILD-MAN FEENEY

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8

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8

GR: THE HAUNTED CASTLE

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6